LAVRA.

The Toyes of a Traueller.

OR

The Feast of Fancie.

Diuided into three

Parts.

By R. T. Gentleman.

Poca fauilla gran fiamma seconda.

LONDON,
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1597.

LAVRA.

The Loyal Traitor.

OR

[illegible]

To the no lesse vertuous, *than faire, the honourable Ladie* Lucie, sister to the thrice renowmed and noble Lord. Henry Earle of *Northumberland, &c.*

GOod *Madam*, *I make bold to present vnto you a few Toyes of mine owne trauell, most parte conceiued in Italie, and some of them brought foorth in* England : *by which my imperfections you may see (as in a liuely Mirror) your owne perfections; and by the follies of my rechlesse youth, behold plainly the virtues of your flowring age, hoping your Ladiship wil keep them as priuately, as I send them vnto you most willingly; neither doubt I at all, but that your excellent spirit will iudge graciously of this my bare, yet bounden Conceit, and to accept the same (as a mean*

at ydle times) to driue away that selfe-pleasing, yet ill-easing humour of neuer glad melancholie: which spitefull Fortune (seeking, though in vaine, most iniurtously to insult ouer you) laboureth by all meanes possible to inflict vpon you, the vertuous behauiour of your selfe being such, as euen in the midst of all your crosses, you crosse her designes with an inuincible hart, and with your honorable carriage carrie her with all her deuises as a slaue to follow you, in al your generous and thrice noble actions, maugre the intricate Laborinth of so manie and infinite troubles allotted (most vnworthely) vnto you, by the inerreuocable doome of your too partiall and flintie Destinie. All which notwithstanding, you beare and ore-beare with a most resolute staiednes, & a resolued courage of a right PERCIE, *and of a minde* A per se. *But additions breed suspitions, and fatre words (for the most part) are counted the blazons of flatterie; wherefore I will leaue to the temperate iudgement of the wise, and to the vncorrupt censure of the worthier sort, your heroical & vndaunted mind, and the integritie and neuer staind proceedings of your spotlesse selfe. Onely this with submission wil*

I say

I say, that if the richnes of the ground is knowne by the Corne, the daintinesse of the Water by the sweetenesse of the fish, and the goodnesse of the tree by the rarenesse of the frutte; then may euerie man giue a gesse of the internall habit & excelent qualities of your inward minde, by the outward behauiour and apparant semblance of your exceeding chast and more than admirable demeanor in euerie respect. And thus, hoping your Honour will as debonairly accept of these trifles, as I dutifully bequeath them vnto you, and with the Sun-shining fauour of your gracious aspect deign to read these few lines: crauing both priuiledge and pardon for al such faults and defects as shal happen to be discouered in the same; I humbly deuote my selfe vnto your Ladiships thrice vertuous and Immaculate disposition and commaund whatsoeuer. Who am

Bound as a vassall to doo
homage vnto the same
for euer.

R. T.

To the gentle, and Gentlemen Readers whatsoeuer.

GEntlemen; as the Fencer first maketh a flourish with his weapon, before he commeth to stroakes, in playing his prize: So I thought good (*pro forma* onely) to vse these few lines vnto you before you come to the pith of the matter. What the Gentleman was that wrote these Verses, I know not; and what she is for whome they are deuised, I cannot ghesse: but thus much I can say, that as they came into the hands of a friend of mine by mere fortune; so hapned I vpon them by as great a chaunce. Onely in this I must confesse we are both too blame, that whereas he hauing promised to keep priuate the original, and I the copie, secret: we both haue cõsented to send it abroad, as common: presuming chiefly vpon your accustomed curtesies; assuring our selues if we may haue your protections, wee shall thinke our selues as safe as *Vlysses* did, when hee was shadowed vnder the shielde of *Pallas* against furious

furious *Aiax*; ſo we by your coũtenances, ſhal be ſufficiently furniſhed to encounter againſt any foule-mouthed Iackes whatſoeuer. To cenſure of this worke, is for better wittes than mine ovvne; and it is for Poets, not for Printers, to giue iudgement of this matter: yet if I may be bolde to reporte what I haue heard other Gentlemen affirme; many haue written worſe, ſome better, few ſo well: the worke being ſo ful of choice & change, as it is thoght it will rather delight euery way, than diſlike any way. Thus curteous Gentlemen, building vppon my woonted foundation of your friendly acceptance, I reſt your debtors, and will ſtudie in what I can daily to make you amends.

Yours alwayes.

Alla bellissima sua Signora.

E. C.

THroughthee (not of thee) Ladie faire I write,
Through power of Beautie, not of Vertues shine:
With zealous will, though slender be my might,
I weakling seeke, an Eagles nest to clime.
Then guide my feete, and if to slip I chaunce,
Vphold mee by the favour of thy glaunce.
Accept in gree these Verses rudely pend,
(A signe of dutie, which to thee I owe)
And deigne with sweet regard them to defend,
Which as condemned els are like to goe.
In thee it rests the stampe on them to set,
If currant, Passe: suppresst, if Counterfet.
And though the note (thy praises onely fit)
Of sweetest Bird, the dulcet Nightingale:
Disdaine not little Roben Red-breST yet,
What he doth want in learning or in skill,
He doth supply with Zeale of his goodwill.
For onely Thee they were deuisde alone,
And vnto Thee they dedicated are.
Who knowes? Perhaps this kindnes by thee showne,
Shall make this glimpse shine like a glistering starre:
Such is thy vertue in the World his sight,
Thy Crow though blacke, may goe for Swan most white.

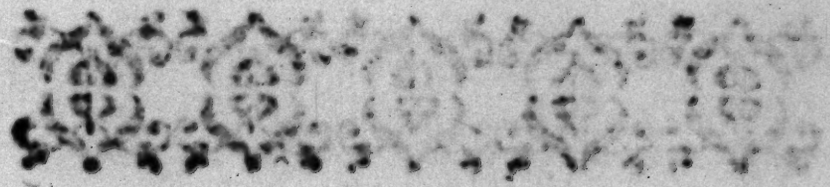
Then

Then doubt mee not, though parted wee remaine,
In England *thou, and I in* Italy :
As I did part I will returne againe,
Loyall to thee, or els with ſhame I le dye.
True Louers when they trauaile Countreyes ſtrange,
The aire, and not their conſtant mindes doo change,

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt

Affettionatiſsimo ſeruid. della
diuina Bellezza ſua.

R. T.



The first Part. I.

FOrtune (cros frend to euer-cõquring Loue)
Our bodies (Ladie) hath deuided farre,
But yet our cõstant minds she cannot moue;
Which ouer strong for her deuises are:
Woe's me, in *England* thou dost bide, & I
(Scarse shadow of my selfe) in *Italy*.
But let her doo her worst, and what is frail
And mortall seeke to seperate and vndoo,
Yet what immortall is, she neuer shall:
A string too high for her to reach vntoo.
In spite of enuious seeds (by Malice sowne)
My hart shall ay be thine, and mine thine owne.

Padoa.

II.

Though I doo part, my Hart yet dooth not part;
My poore afflicted bodie parts in twaine,
And doth in peeces two deuide my Hart:
One peece my fainting spirit doth sustaine,
The other part I leaue with thee behinde,
(The better part, and of my hart most deere)
Then to that part so parted, be thou kinde,
And to the same impart thy louing cheere:
That I (returning) may againe vnite
This parted Hart, and finde for griefe, delight.

London.

Like

III.

Like to the blackſome night I may compare
My Miſtres gowne, when darknes playes his priſe:
But her ſweet face, like to the Sunne moſt faire,
When he in glory ginneth to ariſe.
Yet this no whit the other doth diſgrace,
But rather dubleth Bewtie in the place.
Contraries like to theſe ſet oppoſite,
So daintie and ſo pleaſing in their ſhow
To lookers on, doo breed no ſmall delight,
And pleaſure great thereby to them doth grow.
Oh wonder ſtrange, oh ſollace ſweete to ſee,
In one ſelfe ſubiect Night and Day to bee.

IIII.

In the *Aegean* dangerous ſea of Loue,
In midſt of faithleſſe waues and wicked winde,
Where (to my coſt) moſt bitter brunts I proue,
A new *Arion* (there) my ſelfe I finde.
And though (as he) I play on Harpe, and ſing,
Yet cannot cunning mine ſo high aſpire,
As for to make the skipping fiſh mee bring
Vnto that wiſhed ſhore I ſo deſire:
Onely my *Laura* (peerleſſe for to ſee)
May in this troubled floud my Dolphin bee.

Great

V.

Great was the ſtrife betweene the Sunne on hie
And my faire Sunne, when firſt ſhe gan to peere,
VVho ſhould exceed in brighteſt Maieſtie,
And ſhow in ſight of ſpacious world moſt cleere:
The Sunne did ſhine, but ſhe did lighten bright,
And ſo his burning beames extinguiſht quite.
Nay more, my Sunne on ſudden to the Sunne
Lent light, and yet no light at all did want:
Where els the other had been quite vndone
For lacke of brightnes, which with him was ſcant:
The beautie then the Sunne doth vſe to ſhow
My Sunne doth giue, and from her it doth grow.

VI.

Turnd to a ſtone was he that did bewray
(Vnwitting) to the craftie Theiſe himſelfe
The theft; not thinking he had ſtoln the pray,
In hope to gaine a little paltrie pelfe:
So I, who vnawares to cruell Thee
(The robber of my hart) confeſt the theft,
A ſenſeleſſe Stone like *Battus* am to ſee:
Onely in this, vnlike that ſhape bereft:
That where to worthleſſe Stone he turned was,
I for a Touchſtone true of Loue doo paſſe.

VII.

Downe from the necke vnto that daintie Breſt,
(Which Nature made a myrrour of delight)
And where a world of beauties ſweet doo reſt,
Doth hang a cóſtly Chaine of Pearle moſt bright;
And of proportion are ſo iuſt and round,
That ſuch in *India* rich cannot be found.
Beſides, their orient brightnes is alike;
So that mine eyes are dazled with the ſame,
And not much vſde to ſee ſo faire a ſight,
(A ſight which doth the Sunne in glorie ſtaine)
Can well diſcerne though them they both doo ſee;
If Breſt bee Pearle, or Pearle in Boſome bee.

VIII.

To giue that life which had not breath before,
Prometheus (from aboue) ſtole heauenly fire;
For which his boldnes he was plagued ſore,
A iuſt reward for ſuch an high aſpire.
So whilſt I ſteale from thee (my Heauen aboue)
The heate which doth reuiue my dying ſprite:
For rashnes mine eternall griefe I proue.
Yet though our fault's all one, the plague's not like:
He feeles of Vulture one (alone) the ſmart;
But I haue thouſands which ſtill gnaw my hart.

Loue

IX.

Loue (being blinde) hath wrought me damage ſore,
Thou (blinde in this my louing) euill waſt,
Nor would I ſee the ſnare (being blinde farre more)
Wherein my ſelfe I did entangle faſt:
Yet hath this blindnes harme done vnto none,
But vnto Beauties Buzzard, me alone.
When blinded Boy did catch my harmleſſe Hart,
Thou didſt not ſee the net ſo intricate
Which bound mee (being blinde, blinde as thou art)
To be a thrall, in this moſt wretched ſtate:
So that (alone to worke my miſery)
Loue blinde is, blinde were Thou, and blinder I.

X.

If (*Laura*) thou dooſt burne gainſt me in hate,
Then me ſuch buſſes ſweete why dooſt thou giue?
VVhy cheekſt thou not the Cheeks which giue the mate,
(The vitall cauſe whereby I breathe and liue)?
Perhaps it is, becauſe through too much ioy
(As in ſweete ſwound) I might away depart:
If ſo thou doo, and thinke me ſo to noy;
Kiſſe hardly, and with kiſsing breed my ſmart.
Content am I to looſe this life of mine,
VVhilſt I doo kiſſe that louely lip of thine.

XI.

Vpon triumphant Chariot, passing rare,
In which my Sunne doth sit like Maiestie,
And makes the day shew vnto vs more faire,
Whose cheerfulnes delights each mortall eyes
I rash, like to another *Phaeton*,
With hare-braine hast too hastie kept thereon.
But for my boldnes deerly did I pay,
And had like plague (as he) for being ore-braue.
Yet though in equall fortune both did stay,
(For life he lost, and death she to me gaue)
The punisher of both was not the same:
For he by *Iouo*, and I by Loue was slaine.

XII.

The Beautie that in Paradice doth grow,
Liuely appeares in my sweet Goddesse face,
From whence (as from a christall Riuer) flow
Fauour diuine, and comelines of grace.
But in her daintie (yet too cruell) Brest
More crueltie and hardnes doth abound,
Than doth in painfull Purgatorie rest:
So that (at once) she's faire and cruell found,
When in her face and breast, (ah griefe to tell)
Bright Heauen she showes, and crastie hides dark hell.

Whilst

XIII.

Whilst angrie *Iuno* from the scowling Skies
Thicke swinging showers did downward send amaine,
My Ladie mounting vp in stately wise,
From heauen more fast did fierie lightning raine:
So that the people (passing) had lesse harme
By water wet, than by the fire ore-warme.
The water onely wet their outward skin,
A matter small, in which was danger none;
But this her fire did burne their harts within,
And forst them as they went to sigh and grone:
So that their greife was greater (sauns all doubt)
To haue within fier, than water without.

XIIII.

The swift *Menander* turning, windes so fast,
And with his streame in circle wise so runs;
That wanton-like (from whence he springs) at last
Backe to his fountaine head againe he comes.
In me a riuer huge of teares from hart
To watrie eyes ascend, from whence they flow,
And running downe doo from mine eyes depart,
Descending to my hart againe below:
So that through vertue of most mightie Loue,
In hart a new *Menander* I doo proue.

XV.

Thou ſtranger who with wandring ſteps doſt wend,
Thy gazing eyes turne quickly vnto mee:
And to my ſpeech with liſtning eare attend,
In whom foure Elements vnited bee.
Marke well, and as a wonder tell the ſame
Of *Cupids* force, poore Louers *Tamburlane*.
Firſt this my body's earth, and earth moſt cold,
The fire within my hart in couert lyes,
The aire's my ſighes, mine eyes doo waters hold:
Thus for my Saint he doth me marterize.
Earth is my bodie, ſtrange ſeemes not this ſame?
The aire my ſighes, eyes water, hart the flame.

XVI.

If louely Laſſe for Fairing thine of mee
Gold in this Faire thou meaneſt for to haue:
Then giue me of thy Haires which golden bee,
Giue vnto mee, ſince thou of mee dooſt craue.
Nor by this bargaine ſhalt thou loſſe ſuſtaine,
Or ought hereby ſhalt hindred be (ſweet VVench)
Since I (to courteous thee) doo giue againe:
(As thankfull) gold, for gold in recompence.
Thy treaſure, ſo ſhall mine be, mine as thine,
Nor ſhall th'exchange be worſe than gold moſt fine.

XVII.

Rockt in a cradle (like as Infants bee)
VVhen I was yong, a little wanton childe,
Two daintie dugs did nourish life in mee,
VVhilst oft on them with teate in mouth I smilde:
Ah happie I, thrice happie might I say,
VVhilst in that harmlesse state I then did stay.
But now that I am come to mans estate,
Such dugs as nurst me in delight and ioy
Doo seeke my death, by poysonous sugred bait,
VVhose sight without possession breeds me noy.
So vvhat in childhood caused me to liue,
Novv in my youth doth death vnto me giue.

XVIII.

If Sea no other thing doth shew to bee
Than most vnstable vvaters mouing oft,
With pardon (Ladie) you this seeme to mee.
So most vnstable is your changing thought.
I likevvise hold a riuer that otevvhelmes
With vvatrie salt vvithin these eyes of mine:
Then let vs make a mixture mongst our selues
Of this vnstedfastnes and vvatrie brine.
Lets fashion both of vs a nouell Sea,
So heauen the hauen, and loue the bay shalbee.

XIX.

Ladie, the Sunne was in *Aquarius*
VVhen thou wert borne, which is the reason why
The water of my plaints delight thee thus,
VVithout once viewing me with piteous eye:
But when as I was borne, the Signe I gesse
In *Cancer* was, a show of my distresse.
This is the cause vvithin my boyling brest
Doth burne a hot and vnextinguisht fire:
But contrarie these Signes in vs do rest,
Nor doo they vvell accord to my desire;
Farre better had it been, *Aquarius* Signe
Had hapt to mee, and *Cancer* had been thine.

XX.

What time with brow the Louelieſt gins to scowle,
Shewing disdaine and furie in her face;
Mee thinkes I see the clowdes wex darke and fowle,
And gloomie night begins to run his race.
But then againe, when she to show begins
Her smiling chere adornd with fauour rare,
Straight waies the Sunne in charior bright forth springs,
Clere are the skies, the gladsome day most faire:
Thus in one face I see against my will,
The rising of the Sunne and falling still.

XXI.

Ranckle the wound did in my head apace
When faireſt Shee to play the ſurgeon came,
And whilſt her ſnow white hand did me the grace
To lay the plaiſter on which heald the ſame:
A wonder ſtrange, no ſooner did ſhe tuch
The hurt, but it appeard to be none ſuch.
Yet woe is me, no ſooner by that hand
Was heald in head my outward feſtring wound,
But that in ſted of that as counterchaund,
One mortall ſear at inward hart I found.
Thus (Loue) thou ſeeſt is changed my eſtate,
She checkes with death, that ſore gaue life for mate.

Venice.

XXII.

If in the midſt of kindled burning fire
That worthy *Romane* burnt his valiant hand,
I like an other *Mutius* in deſire,
Haue ſcorcht my fiſt likewiſe through Loues command
In freſheſt moyſture, where my Ladie ſweet
Her lilly hands for coolnes diued oft.
But though deſire betweene vs was alike,
Yet was the matter diuers which we ſought.
He choſe to burne his hand with courage bold
In flaming fire, and I in water cold.

XXIII.

The Gentiles vſde (in ſigne of ſacrifice)
The blood of men to offer, to appeaſe
The vvarlike Goddeſſe vvrath in humble vviſe,
And through the ſame her angrie minde did pleaſe:
But thou (more wicked Warrier farre than ſhee)
In reaſon maiſt more cruell termed bee.
On Beauties altar (to thee dedicate)
Thouſands of Louers (muſtering on a row)
Offer their blood and harts: yet mitigate
Thy hardned minde cannot, which flint doth ſhow.
Then is ſhe cruell leſſe than thou art now,
Since blood her pleaſd, and thee harts cannot bow.

XXIIII.

For to behold my Sunne, I from the Sunne
Did ſeeke my face to ſhadow with my hand,
To ſhield me from the heate that gan to come
In place, where gazing on her I did ſtand:
But I no ſooner from that Sunne was free,
But that in that ſelfe inſtant and that time,
I of mine owne Sunne found myſelfe to bee
Burnt with the heate (a moſt vnluckie ſigne).
So, whilſt a ſhade from ſunne did me defend,
A Sunne more hot did hurt me in the end.

XXV.

White was the orient pearle, which on a day
That hand me gaue, which ſcornes the proud compare
Of pureſt white, and beares the palme away,
As of all pearly faires the orientſt faire:
And whilſt the offred vnto mee the ſame,
I knew not which the pearle was of the twaine.
So white the hand was of my peerleſſe Pearle,
As it did dazle with delight mine eyes,
And pearle ſeemd to me, giuing me the pearle:
Which made me ſighing ſay (in whiſpring wiſe)
Ah why once may I not ſo happie bee
This Pearle to haue, which th'other giues to mee?

XXVI.

When you appeare, appeares the breake of day,
And ſhewes to be moſt faire, and paſsing bright:
But if you keep your ſelfe vnſeene away,
The day ſhowes not, but keepeth out of ſight,
Then if againe you gin your ſelfe to ſhow,
Behold the Day to ſhew it ſelfe afreſh
With skie moſt clere: ſo both of you doo grow
In beautie like, in heate nor are you leſſe.
Thus if your beames you ope, or hidden beeu,
The breake of day appeares, els nere is ſeene.

XXVII.

Iustly of thee (Loue partiall) I complaine,
That at one instant, and vvith one selfe stroke,
Thou darted hast into my hart vvith paine
Cold chilly frost, and fierie flaming smoke.
Ay me, vvithin me (both) I secret hold,
And whilst th'one burnes me, th'other makes me cold.
Then Cruell, since thou wilt two contraries
(Against my soule) within my hart shall rest,
Ah yet mak peace twixt them in louing wise,
Or els (sweete Loue) doo promise this at least;
Flame to my frost, and water to my fire,
Life to my hart, to comfort my desire.

XXVIII.

Diana shineth in the heauens cleere,
Because from purest Sunne she takes her light,
And Faire, she showes that of *Diana* heere
On earth, doth borrow beautie passing bright.
The vertue then that is infusde in her,
She from *Diana* hath, or els from none;
For other thewes doo all in her concurre,
And vnto her beholding are alone.
Oh wonder strange of Nature to reueale,
She *Dian* giues, yet doth from *Dian* steale.

Siena.

As

XXIX.

As burnisht gold, such are my Soueraignes heares;
A brace of starres deuine, her blackish eyes,
Like to the faireſt blacke the Rauen beares,
Or fairer, if you fairer can deuise:
So likewise faire's the beautie of her brests,
Where pleasure lurkes, where ioy still-dallying rests.
This *Venus* bower, you rightly may compare
To whiteſt snow that ere from heauen fell,
Or to the mynes of alabaster faire:
(Woe's mee, tis sweete to sleepe in *Cupids* cell)
Whilst he the hart makes surfet with delight
Through golden haire, black eyes, & breſt moſt white.

XXX.

Vnto thy fauour (which when Nature formd,
She went beyond her selfe with cunning hand)
I may compare what is in world adornd
With beautie moſt, and with moſt grace doth stand:
But euerie mortall whitenes nere so white,
The yuorie white of thy white hand exceeds.
So that my Sowle (which doth faire whitenes like)
Rests on faire whitenes, and on whitenes feeds:
For this is thought and hoped of from thee,
VVhite as thy hands, so white thy faith shalbee.

Ladie

XXXI.

Ladie, thou ſeemeſt Fortune vnto me
When I moſt wiſtly marke, how thou doſt go
With golden treſſes looſe, (a ioy to ſee)
Which gentle winde about thy eares doth blow:
And as thou her reſembleſt in this ſort,
So doeſt thou in attire and all thy port.
Only thou wanteſt for thy ſwift right hand
The rolling wheele, and ſhadowing vaile to hide
Thoſe eyes, which like controllers do command:
But if thou longſt of theſe to be ſupplide,
Take me (thy priſoner) for to play this part,
For my Deſire's the wheele, the Vaile's my HART.

XXXII.

Thou, merry laughſt, and pleaſantly doſt ſmile,
I wofull weepe, and (meſtfull) ſorrow ſtill,
Left this thy mirth encreaſing, me beguile,
And weaue a webbe for me of greater ill:
Too well perceiue I, this thy deepe diſdaine,
By this thy fained lookes, and cloaked glee,
Thou of diſaſter mine art glad and faine,
And faine my death as Baſiliske wouldſt ſee,
Since that of warre and bate this laughter is,
And not of gentle peace or calmy bliſſe.

XXXIII.

Since thou hast changde thy gowne and thine attire,
Ah change thy thoughts, not alwayes cruel be:
And with new clothes, put on a new Desire,
That new in euery point I may thee see.
And if thou heretofore vnkinde hast beene,
Be curteous now, and gentle be thou seene.
Thy glory great, thy praise more shalt thou finde,
If, of vnconstant, constant thou become,
And of a foe, a faithfull friend and kinde,
Then change henceforth thy thoughts, else I vndone:
Giue me that colour which so likes mine eine,
If death, then blacke, if life, then Carnatine.

XXXIIII.

Changde is my nature in me, where before
I like was to a chilly freesing ice:
I now a flame am, burning inward sore,
And such a flame that burneth in such wise,
That if Loue and my Mistresse take no care
For this my hurt, my soule must quickely die,
Yet one doth see (for both not blinded are)
The fier so hote doth burne wherein I frie,
That fierce *Perillus* boyling Bull of brasse
May vnto this for icie substance passe.

XXXV.

Farre better had it been I had been dead,
And laid full low in lateſt home, (my graue)
Than with that drinke my ſelfe for to haue fed
Which *Laura* mine in Chriſtall glaſſe me gaue:
The licor pleaſd me I muſt needs confeſſe,
Yet to my hart twas poyſon nertheleſſe.
So that I had contrarie quite effect
To my deſire, which I ſo much did wiſh
Loue was in fault, who Reaſon doth reiect:
And ſee my cruell lucke, what hapt in this;
The wine was ſweete, yet did his nature turne,
It coold my mouth, but hart within did burne.

XXXVI.

Sweet ſung thy Bird in Ebon cage ſhut faſt,
And did delight thy daintie eares ſo much,
As thou vouchſafdſt to giue him meate at laſt,
And gently didſt his fethers ſtroke and tuch:
So Ladie, I likewiſe in th'Ebonie
Of thy bright eyes am priſoner, and doo ſing
Thy Beauties praiſe; and yet not fed am I
By thee, yet liue through thee: a wondrous thing.
Loue to my hart thy Beautie doth ſupplie
For food, which els (throgh famine ſtarud) would die.

XXXVII.

If white's the Moone, thou *Laura* seemst as white,
And white's the gowne which you on bodie weare;
And if her whitely hornes in calmie night
She smoothly glyding showes to vs most cleare:
You in the day time more and brighter fare,
Your Beautie showe like bright *Aurora's* starre.
Like brightnes both of you abroad doo cast,
Though not effect alike *per accidens*;
You shine, she shines, your powers eternall last:
But yet betweene you is great difference,
Her brightnes freezeth, causing deadly cold,
Yours doth enflame, and liuely fire doth hold.

XXXVIII.

Euen as the lampe goeth out that oyle doth waine,
Or as the Sunne doth fall in th'occident,
So did my hart within me gin to pant,
My vitall spirites away by little went:
VVhen (taking on me pittie) graciously
My Mistres hem of garment trailing downe
Touchd mee, and mee reuiued suddenly:
Then if such vertue be within her gowne,
Imagin what doth stay her corps within,
VVhich who seeth, through sweetnes needs must sin.

Seated

XXXIX.

Seated on marble was my Ladie blythe,
Holding in hand a christall looking Glasse,
Marking of Louers thousands (who aliue
Thankes onely to her Beautie rare did passe).
To prie in glasse likes her: but afterward
Shee takes the nature of the stone most hard,
For whilst she cherefully doth fixe her eyes
Gazing vpon the brightnes of the one,
Her hart by th'other's made (in strangie wise)
Hard as a rocke, and senselesse as a stone:
So that if Loue this breaketh not in twaine,
It will a flint become, to others paine.

XL.

No more a man (as once I was) am I
Since this new *Circes* (moou'd by fierce disdaine)
Hath changd me to a fountaine neuer drie
VVherein my selfe with bitter teares I baine.
Then am I one, who alway eyes doo beare,
And brest of water flowing onely full:
Take heed you Louers all of her, and feare
The sugred baites of this deceitfull Trull.
Least by this *Circe* new you be deceau'd
As I haue been, and be of shape bereau'd.

The

The Conclusion of the first Part.

THe Macedonian Monarch once did deigne
(In cheerfull sort, in kind and loving wise)
To feast in Village with a homely Swaine,
Who entertaind him (as is countrey guise)
With curds and creame, and such like knackes he had:
Whereof the curteous Prince accepted glad.
So Ladie, boldly I presumed haue
To enuite you to a serie Banquet base:
Nor to disdaine the same of you I craue,
Though cates too course for you, too poore the place.
I cannot (as I would) giue curds and creame,
But milke and whey, my fortune is so meane.
Yet if you shall accept it graciously,
And with your Fauour sweet this Bowrd adorne,
The vertue which is in you, presently
The whey to curds, and milke to creame shall turne:
But if your looke you angrie turne away,
The milke shall still be milke, the whay still whey.
Then as the Sunne in glorious wise doth shine
As well on valley low as mountaine hie,
Vouchsafe one cheerefull glimse of fauour thine
On pouer mee, from out that heauenly eye:
Vnworthie I such grace (I doo confesse)
Yet worthie thou to doo so, nerthelesse.

R. T.

The ſcond part I.

IF I ſomewhile looke vp into the skies,
I ſee (faire Lady) that ſame cheereſull light
Which like to you doth ſhine, in glorious wiſe:
And if on th'earth I chance to caſt my ſight,
The mooueleſſe Centre firme to me doth ſhow,
The hardneſſe which within your hart doth grow.
If ſeas I view the flowing waues moſt plaine
Your fickle faith do repreſent to mee:
So as I ſtill behold you to my paine,
Whenas the skies, or th'earth, or ſeas I ſee:
For in your ſeemely ſelfe doth plaine appeare.
Like faith like hardneſſe, and like brightnes cleare.

II.

Maruel I do not, though thou doeſt not ſee
My griefes, and martires, which I ſtill ſuſtaine,
For thou the Mole of loue doeſt ſeeme to me;
But if a Mole, th'art onely to my paine.
How comes it then that ſeeing thou art blinde,
Thou me conſumſt, as if thou hadſt thy ſight?
Why, as thy nature by inſtinct doth bind
Stayeſt not below? packe hence, and leaue this light,
Either thoſe eies ſtil ſhut, not me to grieue.
Or vnder ground, in darkenes alwayes liue.

III.

If whilome (in times past) that *Spartane* Lasse
(The Flower of *Greece*, *Dan Paris* costly ioy)
Through her faire feature the onely causer was,
So manie Knights were slaine at Siedge of *Troy*:
Thou *Laura* art vnlike vnto her farre,
In this our Age a much more blessed Starre.
For she brought warres, strife, death, and crueltie;
Where thou (alone) bringst peace and pleasure still.
Ah happie thrice that liggs in loue with thee:
And if by chance (vnwares) thou sometime kill,
Thou (with thy smile) the wound canst heale againe,
And giue him life, whom thou before hadst slaine.

Pisa.

IIII.

Shoot forth no more those darts from lightning eyes,
(Vnkinde) why seekst to stop my fainting breath?
Goe, and inuent some new kinde exercise,
Play the right Tyrant, choyces vse in death:
New weapons seeke wherewith mee to offend;
Whereby I dying, content may rest thy will.
But tell me? wouldst so faine my life should end?
And knowst not, sweet extreames doo sudden kill?
Cruell, kisse me but once, and thou shalt see
Ended my life with that same Kisse to bee.

V.

If what is heauie craues the Center base,
(The earth below) as nature willes the same,
Heauie the wofull griefes are in this case,
Which inward in my heart I do sustaine.
And if what's light, by kinde aloft doth mount,
Then light's my Loue with thee, of light account.
So that in doubtfull dangerous extreame,
Wretch that I am, my selfe am sore afraide
And doubt of thee, so farre from golden meane,
Nor know I wel out of this depth to wade.
Lest that my life be shortned, or I die,
VVhether it heauy, falles; or light, ascends on hie.

VI.

Ladie what time I seeke in mournefull note
To shew mine agonies and bloudie mone.
My voyce doth faile, and hoarse and harsh my throte,
And this doth come through you, through you alone.
For whilst I thinke by meanes of you in song
To mittigate some part of this my smart,
Insteede thereof you do me double wrong,
And with a glaunce you take away my hart:
So that I finde great hurt by this your theft,
Since where before but voyce, now hart's bereft.

VII.

As rockes become expoſde gainſt waues and winde
More hard; ſuch is thy nature (ſtubborne Dame)
Oppoſde gainſt waters of my plaints moſt kind,
And windes of mine hote ſighes which inward flame;
That hardnes ſuch to encreaſe bout heart is found,
As to it, ſoft might ſeeme the Diamond.
Hence forward then let no man thinke to mooue
By weeping or lamenting, to his will
This ſelfe willd ſaint, which too too well I prooue,
A ſenſeleſſe ſtone to be vnto me ſtill:
Since to my griefe, from all good lucke debard
With plaints, and ſighes, ſhe doth become more hard.

VIII.

Harke louers, harke, a ſtrangie myracle,
Of one depriude of heart, yet death doth ſcape
Mine L. a flower gaue me, which ſweete did ſmell
And for the ſame away my life did take:
So that I only breathe through ſent of flower,
And without heart, not without life I liue,
Then is not this of mightie Loue his power
A wonder ſtrange, which he for ſport doth giue?
When that a flower ſuſtaineth me alone
VVith life, who in my bodie heart haue none.

IX.

VVhen I did part from thee the other night,
Me thought a fowle blacke Dog with vgly shape
Did follow me, and did me sore affright,
And all the way did greedy on me gape:
Nor I this curre how he at me did howle
Can well as yet forget, with chaps most fowle.
Then thinking of his colour hatefull blacke,
Me thought some ill, my Thought did feare to come,
And said within me, turne againe, turne backe,
If forward thou doest go, thou art vndone.
Then pardon Lady, if I backe againe
Am come this night with you for to remaine.

X.

My mourning mistresse garments blacke doth beare,
And I in blacke like her attired am:
Yet diuers is the cause why blacke we weare,
She for anothers death doth shew the same:
I for another reason beare this sute,
Onely to shew by this my outward weede
Mine inward griefe, although my tongue be mute,
Of tender heart which deadly sighes doth bleede.
Thrise happy I, if (as in habite we
Are both in one) our mindes both one might be.

XI.

If April fresh, doth kindely giue vs flowers,
September yeeldes with more increase the frute:
(Sweeteſt) you haue in boſome (Beauties Bowers)
Both theſe ſweete tides, whence forth they alwayes ſhute
Both flower and fruite alonely you alone
Can giue me when you pleaſe, or elſe can none.
Oh dainty boſome, boſome rich in priſe,
Surmounting mountaines huge of beaten gold:
Whoſe whitenes braues the whiteſt ſnow that lies
On higheſt hilles, whoſe height none can behold:
In you my ſoule doth hope without annoy,
Both ſpring and harueſt, one day to enioy.

Roma.

XII.

Drawne (cunning Painter) haſt thou with great Arte,
The ſhadow of my louely *Laura* faire;
Which obiect ſweet not ſmally ioyes my hart,
But little didſt thou thinke, nor wait thou ware,
That where thou thoughtſt my fancie for to pleaſe,
Effect contrary ſortes to my Deſire,
So that it breedes in bodie mine, vncaſe
And (ſenſleſſe) burnes my hart with feeling fire:
Oh ſtrange ſucceſſe, what made was for Content,
Doth moſt diſpleaſe, and (liueleſſe) doth tormente.

When

XIII.

When firſt the cruell Faire deignd graciouſly
To looke on mee with kinde and curteous view,
And caſt on mee a louely glauncing eye,
She knew not that I was her ſeruant trew:
But ſhe no ſooner ware was of the ſame,
But that ſhe turnd her backe with great diſdaine.
So as the wound I (then) cloſe bare in breſt,
I (now) through griefe, ſhow outward in my face:
But if that ſhe by whom I wounded reſt,
Liues in compaſsion cold toward me ſanz grace:
Hard harted is ſhe, cruell was ſhe to her frend,
And wicked ſhalbe world withouten end.

XIIII.

VVhen firſt the Sunne did ſhine vpon her eyes,
VVho faireſt mongſt her beauteous Sex doth ſhow,
The Heauens her daintie corps (in curteous wiſe)
Couerd with chilly cold, and whiteſt ſnow.
She (through the nature of that Humor cold)
Both coldeſt Ice (at once) and pureſt VVhite
Drawes to her ſelfe: then none for ſtrange ſhould hold
Though to mee faire and cruell is her ſight,
Since that the Heauens (for fauours) did impart
A ſnow-white corps to her, and frozen hart.

XV.

The duskie clowde in skie (with shadow darke)
Doth couer oft the Sunnes most cleerest light,
So as his beames we cannot see nor marke,
And he himselfe doth play at least in sight:
Ah were I such a clowd on earth to couer
My sweetest Sunne, as doth that clowd the other.
But if that clowd doo vanish soon away,
And dooth as momentarie passe and vade;
Eternall would I bee, to hide her ay,
And of a harder mixture would be made.
Oh happie I, oh fortunate Eclips,
With kissing so to darken those faire lips.

XVI.

From milke of *Iuno* (as the Poets faine)
The Lilly had his whitenes, passing white,
And from *Adonis* blood (that louely Swaine)
The Rose his colour red, which doth delight.
Thou (pretie Soule) hast both the colours rare
Of these sweet flowers, which others all exceed;
Thy Brest's a bed of beauteous Lillies faire,
Thy daintie cheekes pure damask Roses breed.
O frutefull Garden flowring, where appeare
The Rose and Lilly, at all times of yeare.

XVII.

Of constant Loue I am the wasted fire,
The furious winde's my Ladies angrie eye,
Who whilst she kindles both through wrathfull ire,
The flame encreaseth, mounting to the skye.
In midst is Loue, halfe dead of greeuous paine,
And (doubtfull) wyndes about like sparkling flame.
He feares the heate, and trembles, being turnd
Vnto this blast, which still more sharpe doth rise;
Nor is his feare in vaine, when so he is burnd:
For one of these must hap in sudden wise;
Either the fire must spoyle him as his pray,
Or whirling winde els blow him quite away.

XVIII.

My *Laura* wonders that in visage pale
I beare of death it selfe the liuely show,
But if she mule at this, her musing's stale,
For this sad colour had I long agoe.
The fire (close burning in my veynes) doth make
That outward ashes in my face you view:
But if that she would on me pitie take
Who is the cause of this my palish hiew,
This kindled heate shall die, which now doth burne,
And my first colour shall againe retume.

Whilst

XIX.

Whilſt foming Steed I ſpurre vnto the quicke,
To make him gallop to my Loue amaine,
Loue doth my thoughts (through fancy) forward prick,
The end of wiſhed iourney mine to gaine:
But light's his hurt, tis but a little ſmart;
Where mine is mortall, ſounding to the hart.
Run then (my Gelding ſwift) like *Pegaſus*,
Flie hence with wings, for wings hath my deſire;
Both of vs (forſt amaine) are forward thus,
And kindled in vs is a burning fire:
Thou through two ſpurres in flanke prouokd art ſore,
But thouſands inwardly my hart doo gore.

XX.

Rich is the Diamond, a iemme of priſe,
Yet ſuch the nature ſtrange is of the ſame,
That who the powder thereof drinkes, ſtraight dies,
And as (if poyſon twere) doth take his bane:
So thou another precious iewell art,
In name and nature not vnmuch alike,
Since death thou giu'ſt vnto the louing hart;
If but a kiſſe one ſuckes from thee moſt ſweete,
Whilſt he doth ſwallow downe thy ſugred baite,
The ioy's ſo great, it kills him through conceite.

XXI.

The *Grecians* vſde to offer vp their haire
Vnto their Riuers, whom they did eſteeme
As mightie Gods, and them great honor bare,
As if no vertue ſmall in them had beene:
Doo thou the like (ſweet *Laura*) vnto mee,
Who for my loue deſerue a greater fee.
Thy golden treſſes on me doo bestow,
Who hold whole Riuers flowing in mine eyes:
Yet would not I thou off ſhouldſt cut them tho.
Dooſt muſe, and aske how this thou maiſt deuiſe?
Ile tell thee: Giue thy ſelfe to mee for mine,
So ſhalt thou giue vncut thy treſſes fine.

XXII.

One louely glaunce which from the eyes did paſſe
Of Ladie mine, hath changd my gentle hart
From hardeſt Diamond to brittle glaſſe:
And now againe (vnto my bitter ſmart
Through dreadfull frowne) ſhe turnes it ſuddenly
As twas before, from glaſſe to Diamond.
So if ſhe will ſhe may, (and preſently
As likes her) change me, who to her am bound:
If cruell ſhee, my hart is hard to breake;
If pittifull, tis gentle, brittle, weake.

XXIII.

Two windes, one calme, another fierce to see,
Th'one of the Spring, of Winter th'other right
I plainly (Ladie) doo discerne in thee:
The first (which makes me ioy) breathes from thy sight
Such daintie flowers in diuers coloured show,
As makes to blush Dame *Iris* raynie Bow.
The second (which makes mee to pine away)
Blowes from thine inward brest a deadly blast,
Where doth eternall hardnes alwaies stay,
Which I doo see eternall ay to last:
So as calme *Zephyrus* in face thou art,
But rough as boystrous *Boreas* in thine hart.

XXIIII.

No sooner doo I earnest fix mine eyes
On my faire Sunne, but that I her perceaue
To vanish like a clowd in darkest wise,
As if (eclypst) her light it did bereaue:
I know not if thee's troubled thus, because
She doth disdaine I should behold her so;
Or if for feare this shadow to her drawes,
Least mee her beames should hurt, which glistring show.
Say then sweet Loue (for thou knowst best) if still
I shall behold her, or no more, thou will.

XXV.

Oh that I were fly *Proteus*, for to take
On mee that forme, which most I like or wish:
Then would I change my selfe into the shape
Of that thy little whelpe, thy ioy and blisse,
Into that little worme thou so doost like,
And dallying plaist with him both day and night.
Those sauerie smackes, those busses, sweet which bee,
VVhich thou to him doost giue, should all be mine:
And I would make my hart to leap for glee,
VVhilst I did licke that bosome faire of thine:
But since I so despaire of this am brought,
My wish shall *Proteus* be, thy Dog my thought.

XXVI.

Say (gentle frend) tell me in curtesie
Before what was I? and what am I now?
A senseless shadow? or a bodie, I?
Neither of both: marke, and Ile tell thee how.
No bodie now, for that by proud disdaine
Of scornfull Shee, dissiu'd was: shadow none,
For that did vnder-ground goe with the same,
Vnwilling it should wander all alone.
VVhat am I then? Euen one that doth not know
VVhat now he is, or what he was can show.

XXVII.

The blazing Starre foretells the hapleſſe fall
And ſudden death of others, ſoone to come:
To me a Face (brighter than Comets all)
Doth with her lookes my fortune hard foreruune:
And with her ſhooting darts from glauncing eye,
Preſageth that ere long I needs muſt dye.
The blazing Starre death onely prophecies,
This doth foreſhew to mee a harder fate,
And dares me to mine end in warlike wiſe,
Nor how this Challenge know I to eſcape.
Ah cruell Starre, of death not onely ſigne,
But murtherer th'art of this poore life of mine.

XXVIII.

The Crow makes warre with the Cameleon,
And being hurt to th'Laurell ſtraight doth flie,
And through the frute he findeth thereupon
Is heald of hurt, findes food, and liues thereby.
Loue the Cameleon is, the Crow am I,
And battell wage with him vnto the death:
He wounds me deadly, whereupon I hie
To thee (my *Laurell*) to reſtore my breath.
Thou me reuiu'ſt, ſuch vertue's in thee riſe,
As thou at once dooſt giue me food and life.

Amongſt

XXIX.

Amongst the *Parthians* is a kinde of ground
Of nature such, as though it farre doth stand
From fire, yet fire to take it straight is found,
And flying thether, burnes it out of hand:
This pray so sure of Loue, am I faire Dame,
And you to mee (which burneth mee) the flame.
So that if I to you farre off doo show,
You kindle straight in mee a quenchlesse fire:
And yet although within it burne me so,
Sweete is the heate whose fuell is Desire:
For rather I in fire neere you would bee,
Than freed from flame you farther off to see.

XXX.

Loue, ope my hart, hot fire thou forth shalt take;
Open my *Lauras*, in it thou shalt finde
Cold frost: then of these two contraries make
But one, and that same one frame thou more kinde.
Of both our harts, make but one loving hart,
And giue it vnto which thou please of twaine:
Giue it to her, to her doo it impart,
Or vnto mee: it skills not much the same.
Ile doubt no more, when but one hart we haue
Betweene vs both: for this is all I craue.

XXXI.

Vnto an Image may I right compare
My Mistres, since so cruell shee's to mee;
Which standeth for a signe or shadow faire,
To which the simple ignorant bow with knee:
And though with eyes, mouth, eares, and feet it show,
Yet dooth it neither see, talke, heare or goe.
So playes my Choyce, when I appeare in sight,
Nor see, nor speake, nor heare, nor stay she will,
So as an Idoll she resembleth right,
Blinde, mute, deafe, moueléss, senséless standing still:
Then am not I worse than a liueléss Blocke,
To worship such a painted coloured Stocke.

Fiorenza.

XXXII.

Both iemmes and pearle their proper value haue,
But yet vnlike, for not alike's their prise;
Some sought for are, and each one doth them craue,
Others (more base) doo passe in worthléss wise.
A Iuell rich and princelike Iemme is she
Whom I esteeme, and such account of make,
Yet in her selfe no price hath for to see,
For it is holden at so high a rate:
As all the gold nor siluer which doth ly
Inth'earth or sea, the same (at worth) can by.

XXXIII.

If loue (wherein I burne) were but a fire,
I quencht it had with water of my teares;
If water, these my plaints, I this Desire
Had dryde through inward heate, my hart that taints:
But Loue that in my griefes doth take delight,
Both fire and water turnes to worke mee spite.
Flie then this Loue, since such is his great power,
As waues to fire, and fire to waues he turnes,
And with an absent Beautie euerie hower,
My fainting hart with Fancies fuell burnes,
And gainst all sense makes mee of CARe and IL,
More than of good and ComfoRT to haue will.

XXXIIII.

Riuers vnto the Sea doo tribute pay:
A most vnconstant moouing Sea art thou,
And I within mine eyes (bedcawed ay)
A Riuer hold of bitter teares as now.
Receiue then from these moystned cheekes of mine
Into thy lap the water I foorth powre,
Of dutie mine and of thy Debt a signe,
And mixt together with my sweet thy sowre;
So shall the water to the water bee
More precious, and the Sea more rich to th'Sea.

XXXV.

Such is the vertue of the Sunnie heate,
As ſeazing on the cockle ſhell, which lies
On ſeaiſh ſhore, whereon his beames doo beate
It makes it brightly ſhine, in orient wiſe:
So that through ſecret power of radiant Sunne,
Of worthleſſe ſhell, a Pearle it doth become.
So Ladie, you through force of Beauties power,
If you ſhall deigne to glaunce on me your eye,
And raine with grace on me a ſmiling ſhower,
A Iewell rich you make me by and by:
And if no Pearle, or leaſt a precious Stone;
This (onely) can you doo, or els can none.

XXXVI.

The blood of faire *Adonis*, *Venus* changd
Into a Flower; who, whilſt he did purſue
(In Forreſt thicke, whereas he hunting rangd)
The ſauage Boare to kill, the Boare him ſlue:
Doo thou the like, ſweet Loue doo thou the ſame,
Whilſt now my life doth languiſh through thy power,
And whilſt my wound makes me for to remaine
Withouten blood, transforme to a flower:
That where I liuing cannot, dead I may
A loued Flower in *Lauras* boſome ſtay.

XXXVII.

An Ocean ſea of water calme am I,
Wherein kinde Loue the forme of fiſh doth take,
Leaping alongſt the ſhore moſt wantonly:
Then Ladie, of a Fiſher d'on the ſhape;
Ah, what ſweete fiſhing ſhall you haue to like,
If Loue you chance to catch, while he doth bite?
Come then, and nak't into this water hie,
He cannot ſcape, but (here) perforce muſt bide,
(Leſſe to my hart to ſaue himſelfe he flie)
Then quickly ſtrip thy ſelfe, lay feare aſide:
For of this daintie pray, which thou ſhalt take,
Both Sea, Fiſh, and thy Selfe, thou glad ſhalt make.

XXXVIII.

Rich Damaske Roſes in faire cheekes doo bide
Of my ſweet Girle, like *Aprill* in his prime:
But her hard Hart cold chilly ſnow doth hide,
Of bitter *Ianuer* the perfect ſigne.
Her Haire of gold, ſhowes yealow like the Corne
In *Iuly*, when the Sunne doth ſcorch the ground;
And her faire Breſt ripe frute, which doth adorne
September rich: ſo as in her is found
Both Harueſt, Summer, Winter, Spring to bee;
Which you in Breſt, Haire, Hart, and Face may ſee.

XXXIX.

Th'immortall *Parcæ* (fatall Sisters three)
Of mortall men doo sing the shunlesse fate,
What once was, what is now, and what shalbee,
Their life, their death, their fortune, and their state:
Our Song let bee like theirs, Three they were;
And so our number is, Three are we here.
Sing *Laura* then, sing Loue, and sing will I
Of dreery fortune mine, sing let vs all,
Let's sing in dolefull tune most mournfully,
How tis, how twas, and hapleſſe still shall fall,
The Present, Passed, and (which none can mend)
What shalbe world to come withouten end.

XL.

The Heauens their restleſſe Sphere doo alwayes moue,
In thee doth moue the faith which thou didst plight:
And I *Ixion* like still in my loue,
Doo roule, and yet I roule my wheele aright:
So that twixt vs continuall motions wend.
But which is worse (vnconstant Wench) I see
The Heauens will haue their motions without end,
Which (neuer ceasing) roule continually:
And thou like them to roule doost meane thy fill,
And since tis so, Ile roule too, gainst my will.

The Conclusion of the second Part.

THus is the second Course now serued in,
A Course too course for such a daintie Dame;
Yet (Ladie) though the cheere be bad and thin,
Because it comes of Zeale, accept the same:
And though not worthy of your grace it bee,
Yet make it gracious through your curtesie.
Great sumptuous Feasts the stomacke doth distike,
Which oft in bodie dangerous surfets breed:
Where dishes few reuiue our sense and spright,
And Nature's pleasd on little for to feed.
This as a sawce (your appetite to moue)
Accept, where meate's the HART, where Cooke is Loue.
Nor thinke the worse, though I haue spun a thred
So fine (I meane your praise) I cannot mend,
Since tis a worke to ground the wisest Hed,
And marre I should this loome, the Cloth not mend:
So Venus matchlesse shape Apelles drew,
But how to finish it he neuer knew.
Farre more's my minde, than is my feeble might,
My pensill for thy picture is too weake:
The Sunne is onely for the Eagle's sight,
My strength's too small, this hardned yce to breake.
Not painted scarce I thee haue shadowed heere:
This taske's for such as haue in skill no peere.

R. T.

The third Part. I.

WHo ioyes in Loue? the Hart alone, to see.
Who languisheth in Loue? the Hart alone.
Then ist a thing impossible for mee
To ioy or languish, since I Hart haue none.
Withouten Hart? then tel me, what am I?
Euen bones and flesh vnited cunningly.
The Soule, where ist? Loue that hath tane away,
My Bodie oncly resteth in his place.
Depriu'd of Soule and Hart, how liue? I say,
I liue (maintaind by Loue) in this strange case.
O wonder strange, the Bodie liue to see,
The Hart and Soule in other place to bee.

Napoli.

II.

That Crimson Gowne (with drops of blood ywrought)
Which *Laura* weares, a token is most true;
How that of blood desirous is her Thought,
And that tis so, I best can tell to you.
My wronged Hart too well doth finde the same,
Who thousand times, not once hath wronged been
By her; and now, to aggrauate my paine,
(More cruell in desire for to be seene
By outward habit) couets shee to show,
What (inward) in her minde she hides below.

III.

The flaming Torch (a ſhadow of the light)
Put out by haſtie hand, doth colour change,
And blacke becomes, which ſeemd before moſt bright:
Nor ſo to ſhow is anie meruaile ſtrange:
  So was I long a liuely fire of loue,
  The heate whereof my Bodie oft did proue.
But I, at laſt (by one who moand my woe)
Extinguiſht was, by Pitifull Diſdaine:
Then if my colour blacke in face doo ſhow,
You need not much to wonder at the ſame,
  Since tis a Signe (by part to know the whole)
  That Loue made mee a Fire, Diſdaine a Cole.

IIII.

Pardned of euerie wicked fact was hee
To *Hebes* Temple that with praiers came,
And of ſuch grace (in ſigne) his Bonds (as free)
He left hung vp on high within the ſame.
I (Ladie) erred haue, and humbly come
To thee, who art the Temple faire of loue,
Offring to thee my praiers all and ſome,
To free me from my faults thy hart let moue:
  In token of which Gift, with thee Ile leaue
  My ielous thoughts, wherewith I did thee grieue.

V.

If thou art cold as is the winters snow,
I as the Summer hot am, most extreame:
Then lets vnite thy hart which cold is so
To mine so warme, and make of both a Meane:
So th'one a helpe to th'other still shall bee:
And linckt in Concord, as two Doues shall gree.
To forme this Frame, Loue shall the work-man play,
Then lets with *Iuly Ianuary* mix
Lets make betweene vs an eternall *May*,
An euerlasting truce vs twaine betwix:
Thy Winter with my Summer let vs ioyne:
My fire so warme, with frost so cold of thine.

VI.

The cruell *Nero* vsde on golden hooke
The harmlesse fish to catch with sugred baite:
So, curteous Loue, fishing me quickly tooke,
Whilst he with daintie pray for me did waite:
Yet farre more fortunate am I in this,
For whereas *Neroes* hookes most sharpe did kill,
The other hookes reuiue the taken fish,
Whilst they doo hold him gently by the gylls.
But hooks they are none, for hooks they are too faire,
Two golden tresses be they of fine haire.

When

VII.

When She was borne, she came with smiling eye
Laughing into the world, a signe of glee;
When I was borne (to her quite contrarie)
Wayling I came into the world to see.
Then marke this wonder strange: what Nature gaue
From first to th'last this fashion kept we haue.
She in my sad laments doth take great ioy,
I through her laughing die, and languish must,
Vnlesse that Loue (to saue me from this noy)
Doo vnto mee (vnworthy) shew so iust
As for to change her laughter into paine,
And my complaints into her ioy againe.

VIII.

In Loue his Kingdome great, two Fooles there bee;
My Ladie's one, my selfe the other am:
The fond behauiour of both which to see,
Who so but nicely markes, will say the same:
Foolish our thoughts are, foolish our desire,
Foolish our harts in Fancies flame to frie,
Foolish to burne in Loues hot scorching fire.
But what? Fooles are we none, my tung doth lie:
For who most foolish is and fond in loue,
More wiser farre than others, oft doth proue.

IX.

No ſooner *Laura* mine appeares to mee,
But that a daintie Dye, a bluſhing Red,
In both our faces ſheweth for to bee:
But who (alas) doth mine ſo ouer-ſpred?
Ore-feruent loue doth draw this ſhadow pure,
Like cunningſt Painter long for to endure.
VVho painteth hers? Diſdaine with pencill hard,
VVhich turneth all my ſweetnes into ſower:
So that all my deſignes are quickly mard,
Except Loue bind loue (by his awfull power)
In Faiths firme bands: too hie th'exchange will grow,
VVhen loue for hate, and not for like ſhall goe.

X.

Phœbus had once a Bird, (his chiefe delight)
VVhich (onely cauſe he had an euill tung)
He made him blacke, who was before moſt white:
So if all thoſe who louers true haue ſtung
VVith ſpitefull ſpeach, and haue their loues betraid,
Or to their ladies falſe bee and vntrue,
(Setting at nought the promiſe they haue made)
Loue would but change into this cole-blacke hieu:
Thouſands abroad like ſea-cole Crowes ſhould ſhow,
VVho (now vnknowen) for ſnowie Swannes doo goe.

In

XI.

In siluer streame, on shallow fountaines shelfe,
The liuely image saw he in the same,
Who was in loue with shadow of himselfe,
Through pride, forgetfull how his likenes came:
Such one my selfe (by chance) I see to bee,
When as in Riuer I my selfe did see.
Yet I, my selfe in sted of louing hate,
And such strange hatred is this, and so strong,
That while he (louing) dyde by iustest Fate
Himselfe by seeing, (whilst he himselfe did wrong):
I die will vnto him contrarie eleene,
Cause I (hating my self) my self too much haue seene.

XII.

Ioy of my soule, my blindfold eyes cleere light,
Cordiall of hart, right Methridate of loue,
Faire orient Pearle, bright shining Margarite,
Pure Quintessence of heauens delight aboue,
VVhen shall I taste what fauour graunts me tuch,
And ease the rage of mine so sharpe desire?
VVhen shall I free enioy what i so much
Doo couet, (but I doubt in vaine) to aspire?
Ah doo not still my Soule thus Tantalize,
But once (through grace) the same imparadize.

XIII.

Painter, in liuely colours draw Diſdaine.
Dooſt aske how that may right'ly ſhadowed bee?
Ile tell thee, if thou (fine) wilt doo the ſame
My Ladie paint, and thou Diſdaine ſhalt ſee.
Fond man, doſt not beleeue? or thinkſt I ieſt?
If doubtfull thou remaine, then heare the reſt.
Marke her but well, and thou ſhalt in her face
See right Diſdaine, which comming from her eyes,
Makes her to looke with moſt diſdainfull grace:
Then if thou ſeeſt it in ſo plaine a guiſe,
Straight ſhadow her: for this one Counterfaite
Of her and of Diſdaine ſhall ſhow the ſhape.

XIIII.

VVith gold and rubies gliſtereth her ſmall hand:
But if you match them with her lips or haire,
They ſeeme withouten brightnes to ſtand,
The other haue ſuch liuely colours faire.
O worthie Beautie, peerleſſe APERSE,
To whom all other Beauties are moſt vile.
O fairnes ſuch, as fairer none can bee,
Thou Grace it ſelfe of graciouſnes dooſt ſpoyle.
VVith Rubies, thou right Rubies dooſt diſgrace,
VVith Gold bright Gold thou ſtaineſt in his place.

XV.

A gentle tame Deere am I, cald a HART,
The cruell Huntreſſe fierce my Miſtres is:
VVith croſſe-bow bent ſhe comes to me in Parke,
Palde in with pleaſant thoughts of wanton wiſh:
Shee ſhootes and hits mee, takes me for her pray;
And hauing ſhot, hit, taken, flies her way.
Backe ſhe retires from mee with pleaſant ſmile,
Vnlooſing mee, and heales my wound and paine;
VVhen as afreſh incenſt (alacke the while)
Gainſt mee, deſirous me to plague againe:
She turnes towards me, ore-takes me, ſtrikes me ſore;
And binding vp my wounds, makes deadly more.

XVI.

The golden treſſes of a ladie faire
At firſt beginning were of this my loue:
But now at laſt vnto my dubble care,
To be the end of my ſad life I proue.
Then did my doubtfull ſpirit liue in hope,
But now he feares, deſpairing as it were,
Becauſe he doth perceiue in ſudden broke
His hope, which dying hart did helpe and beare:
Since that the Haire, that *Alpha* me did binde
In loue, of life *Omega* I doo finde.

Sweet

XVII.

Sweet *Laura*, in the water looke no more,
To ſee if feature thine be faire or no:
Looke in mine eyes, which teares raine ſtreamings ſore
Of bitter plaints, whoſe water cleere doth ſhow,
As in a looking Glaſſe moſt bright to thee,
Thoſe fauours which in that ſweet viſage bee.
So ſaid I to her, when ſhe anſwered bliue:
And thou my loue, ſay, doſt thou likewiſe wiſh
To ſee thy ſelfe in one that is aliue?
Then in this Breſt, looke where thine Image is:
Loue ſhall alike in both our bodies reſt,
Beare thou mee in thine eyes, Ile thee in breſt.

XVIII.

If (Cruell) thou deſirous art of blood,
Behold how I doo bleed in ſtreaming wiſe:
Glut then thy ſelfe therewith if thou thinke good,
And doo content with blood thy bloodie eyes.
From breſt it comes, where fainting hart doth lye,
And (for a gift) I it preſent to thee,
Although I know (through this) I ſoone ſhall dye:
(And yet to die it little grieueth mee)
Since tis my wiſh, my blood with ſoule as one
May reſt, and that's with thee, or els with none.

That

LAURA.

XIX.

That Iuorie hand a Fanne moſt white doth hold,
And to the milkie Breſt blowes winde apace:
(And yet is full of chilly yce moſt cold)
Diſgrace to others, to her ſelfe a grace.
But I who wiſtly marke theſe whitenes three,
Vouchſafe (ſweet Loue) this boone to graunt to mee:
Diſtill within the rouling of mine eyes
(By vertue of thy power) ſuch hidden flames
And let it tempred be in ſuch ſtrange wiſe,
That as I caſt my looke vpon the ſame,
It quite may take away her crueltie,
Melt ſtraight the Ice, and Fanne burne ſuddenly.

XX.

The Snakes (amongſt themſelues) ſo carefully
Loue one another, (wonder for to ſee)
As if th'one want, the other ſtraight doth dye:
Ladie, vnto theſe Snakes vnlike we bee.
For if I die, thou di'eſt not for my death,
But through my paine reuiu'ſt: ſuch is thy ſpite,
And pleaſure takſt to ſee me voyd of breath.
Ah, yet in loue lets vnto them be like.
Thou *Cupid* worke, that I (poore Snake in loue)
This ſdainfull Snake for to be kinde may moue.

XXI.

Laura is faire and cruell both in one,
And borne was of a daintie Diamond:
Then is it meruaile neither wonder none,
Although her hart as hard as ſtone be found.
Nature that hardnes (as a Keeper) gaue
To her, her Beautie thereby ſo to ſaue.
But fond is he, and ſimple in conceite,
That thinkes Loue will not one day burſt the ſame:
Then quickly (mightie Lord) quickly this breake,
Breake thou this ſtonie hart ſo hard in twaine,
Vnto thy power let Natures force ſtill yeeld,
And be thou Conquerour gainſt her in field.

XXII.

The ſnow-white Swan betokens bright ſome Day,
The cole-blacke Crow of darkie Night is ſigne,
Thou Day or Night bring vnto mee ſtill may
With thoſe bright lampes, thoſe gliſtering ſtars of thine
But (cruell thou) thy hart is bent ſo hard,
As I that Sunne can neuer ſee with eyes
(That wiſhd for Sun, from theſe my lights debard,
Nor ought diſcerne, but miſts in foggie wiſe.
Then ſince I liue in woe (and blinde) naught ſee,
A Crow not Swan thou ſtill ſhalt be to mee.

XXIII.

Say *Cupid*, since thou wings so swift dooſt beare,
Within my hart (alone) why dooſt thou lye?
Why dooſt not ſeeke to lodge ſome other where,
And to ſome other place why dooſt not hye?
Goe vnto her who hath the Lilly breſt,
Who though ſhe hates mee, yet I loue her beſt.
If her to entertaine thee thou ſhalt finde,
It is a ſigne ſhe hateth mee no more:
Straight then returne againe, and ſhow her minde
To my Deſire, who for this newes longs ſore.
Then pre thee goe, no longer lingring ſtay,
Leaſt when thou wouldſt thou canſt not goe thy way.

XXIIII.

On Quickſedge wrought with louely Eglantine
My *Laura* laid her handkercher to drie,
(Which had before ſnow white ywaſhed bin)
But after, when ſhe cald to memorie,
That long twold be before, and verie late
Ere Sunne could doo, as would her gliſtering eyes:
She caſt from them ſuch ſparkling glaunces ſtraite,
And with ſuch force, in ſuch a ſtrangie guiſe;
As ſuddenly, and in one ſelfe ſame time,
She dryde her cloth, but burnt this hart of mine.

XXV.

Gold vpon gold mine onely Ioy did plate,
Whilſt ſhe did dreſſe her head by chriſtall Glaſſe:
But whilſt ſhe lookt on it, it ſodaine brake;
So (as amazde thereat) much grieud ſhe was.
To whom I ſaid; To grieue thus tis in vaine,
Since what is broke, whole cannot be againe.
Looke ſtedfaſtly with both thine eyes on mee,
Who haue my hart (through Loue) a glaſſe new made;
She on my face lookt, and her ſelfe did ſee:
Wherewith (contented throughly) thus ſhe ſaid,
Moſt happie I, ſince for to dreſſe my hed,
For broken glaſſe, of whole one I am ſped.

XXVI.

The Heauens begin with thunder for to breake
The troubled Aire, and to the coloured Fields
The Lightning for to ſpoyle their pride dooth threat,
Each thing vnto the furious Tempeſt yeelds.
And yet me thinkes within mee I doo heare
A gentle voyce hard at my hart to ſay,
Feare nothing thou, but be of merrie cheere,
Thou onely ſafe fore others all ſhalt ſtay:
To ſaue thee from all hurt, thy Shield ſhall bee,
The ſhadow of the conquering Laurell Tree.

Fano.

XXVII.

Loue this faire Lasse (said Loue) once vnto mee,
I lou'd her; loue her now (saith he) no more,
When thousand darts within my brest there bee,
And if I loue her, he mee threatneth sore:
He saith himselfe is falne in loue with her,
And that himselfe fore others hee'l prefer.
His sense is this, He in her beauteous eyes,
Hath found such Amours as nere like were seene:
But thinkes he this shall serue, in cunning wise
To make mee leaue, he cousning me so cleene?
In spite of him Ile loue, sith hart doth gree
With Loue in loue, as Riuall for to bee.

XXVIII.

My Mistres (writing) as her hand did shake
The Pen did dash, which on her gowne did spurt:
One drop more higher than the rest did take,
And to presume to touch her Brest it durst.
Vpon her daintie bosome it did light,
Wherewith she blusht, in show like damaske Rose:
Presumptuous Blacke, how dar'dst thou tuch that White,
Wherein a world of gladsome pleasure growes?
Yet (spite of enuie) hapt it for the best,
To the white more grace, more bewtie twas to th'brest

XXIX.

None dares now look more on my *Lauras* face,
So dangerous is her beautie to behold:
For he no ſooner giues to her the gaze,
But ſtraight his hart ſhe takes from him ſo bold:
Such vertue's lockt within thoſe ebbon Eyes,
Where (dallying with Delight) *Dan Cupid* lyes.
So ſweetly rouleth ſhee that radiant Spheare,
As ſhe (from whom ſhe liſts) robs ſuddenly:
So as to looke on her each one doth feare,
And yet to looke on her ſpare will not I:
For though I looſe my Hart, and him diſeaſe,
I like ſhall my Deſire, and her Ile pleaſe.

XXX.

Vnbare that Iuorie hand, hide it no more,
For though it death brings to my tender hart,
To ſee it naked, where is beauties ſtore,
And where moyſt Pearle with Azure doth impart:
Yet feare I not to dye in this ſweet wiſe,
My fancie ſo to ſee't, is ſet on fire:
Then leaue that Gloue, moſt hatefull to mine eyes,
And let me ſurfet with this kinde Deſire;
So that my lookes may haue of them their fill,
Though hart decay, Ile take it for none ill.

Mantoa.

XXXI.

My Miſtres ſeemes but browne (ſay you) to mee.
Tis verie true, and I confeſſe the ſame:
Yet loue I her, although that browne ſhe bee,
Becauſe to pleaſe me ſhe is glad and faine.
I loued one moſt Beautifull before,
Whom now (as Death) I deadly doo abhore.
Becauſe to ſcorne my ſeruice her I found,
I gaue her ore, and choſe to mee this ſame:
Nor to be faithfull (thinke I) I am bound
To one in whom no kindnes doth remaine:
This is the cauſe, for Browne and Pittifull,
I left a faire, but yet a faithleſſe Trull.

XXXII.

White art thou like the mountaine ſnow to ſee,
I blacke like to the burned coale doo ſhow:
Then giue ſome of thy pureſt white to mee,
And Ile ſome of my Blacke on thee beſtow.
So will wee theſe two Contraries vnite
Together, which ſo ioynd will ſhow more faire:
Lets both then make this change for our delight,
Vnleſſe to kill mee thou doo little care.
But why of white or blacke talke I to thee?
My blood not blacke tis, which thou faine wouldſt ſee.

XXXIII.

As Sacrifice vnto a Goddesse bright
My hart I offered with Deuotion great,
Thinking that She Loues Temple had been right.
But what vnwares I spide not then in heate,
I (warie) now discerne her for to bee
Of Hell below the rightest crueltee.
I was deceiud, I doo confesse: That smile,
That wanton smile that bred in me delight,
Hid in those lips so faire did mee beguile:
O Beautie false, O crueltie most right.
Flee flee (my Hart) flee then if thou be wise,
Thy hurt, my burning heate, her trecheries.

XXXIIII.

Strange is this thing, my Horse I cannot make
VVith spurre, with speech, nor yet with rod in hand
Force him to goe, although great paines I take,
Doo what I can, he still as tyrde doth stand:
No doubt he feeles an heauie weight of mee,
VVhich is the cause he standeth still as stone:
Nor is he ware that now he carrieth three,
He thinkes (poore Iade) I am on's backe alone:
But three we are with mine owne selfe I proue,
Laura is in my Hart, in Soule is Loue.

Pesaro.

XXXV.

When I of my ſweet *Laura* leaue did take,
Faire *Fanos* Cittie for a while to leaue:
Shee gaue to mee (to weare it for her ſake)
Of gold and pearle a daintie wouen Wreathe.
Deere was the gift, becauſe for loue it came;
But deerer more, cauſe Shee gaue me the lame.
I looke on't ſtill, and kiſſe it as my ioy;
Kiſsing and buſsing it, with it I play:
Which at one inſtant brings me mirth and noy.
And ſighing oft, thus to my ſelfe I ſay;
White pearls are theſe, yet hath her mouth more faire;
Fine gold is this, yet finer is her haire.

Fano.

XXXVI.

With thouſand bands of furious inward heate
Loue bindes my Sowle, and burnes my gentle hart:
And two wayes *Laura* death to mee doth threate,
With colour freſh, and wanton eye like darts
This for reward for all my loue I gaine,
For my good will two Enemies I haue,
Laura and Loue: foure plagues conſpire my paine,
Becauſe I like, and whats but iuſt doo craue;
Fire, Roſeall colour, Eyes, and cruell Band:
Theſe at the gaze of Beautie make me ſtand.

XXXVII.

If scalding sighes my faith may testifie,
And brinish teares of Loue may warrant bee:
Both th'one and th'other thou hast seene with eye:
Then what wouldst haue (hard Harted) more of mee?
But thou (perhaps) though much I haue endured,
Wouldst yet be better of my faith assured.
Then with thine eyes into my brest doo peere,
(VVhich for the nonce I leaue to open sight)
And that which now thou doubtst, see shalt thou cleere
Ah, marke it then, and view what showes so bright.
But too too cruell art thou and precise,
That wilt not credite giue to thine own eyes.

XXXVIII.

The hapleſſe Argus (happie in this ſame)
The glorie of the Sunnes ſurpaſsing light,
The brightnes of the Starres (the fire which ſtaine)
VVith hundred eyes behold them alwayes might.
But I (alas) who haue but onely twaine,
Cannot behold the Beautie of my Sunne:
For which I liue as blinde in endleſſe paine,
And count my ſelfe for want thereof vndone.
I can but wiſh that I an *Argus* were,
VVith hundred eyes to view her euerie where.

XXXIX.

In vastie Sea, faine would my slender Muse
VVade in thy praise, to praise thy beautie right:
But (Ladie) I for pardon craue excuse,
To breake such waues too brittle is her might:
Meane time with lowly Verse, in humble show,
Along the shallow shoare Ile wading goe.
The time may come (perhaps) ere it be long,
That this my quill more bold may write thy praise,
And venter for to sayle in th'Ocean strong,
Though now on graueld shore it fearfull staies.
And where as now to dip his foote he feares,
He then shall diue himselfe ore head and eares.

Fano.

XL.

VVhen I did part, my Soule did part from mee,
And tooke his farewell of thy beauteous Eyne:
But now that I (returned) doo thee see,
He is returnd, and liues through kindnes thine,
And of thee looketh for a welcome home.
I then not anie more to sorrow need,
Now I am come: and if before alone
On shadow then, on substance now I feed.
So, if my parting bitter was and sad,
Sweete's my returne to thee, and passing glad.

The Concluſion of the laſt Part.

TImantes when he ſaw he could not paint
With liuely colours (to his laſting fame)
Such workes he tooke in hand, and found too faint
His cunning, ſeeking for to hide the ſame,
He ouer them a ſubtill ſhadow drew:
So that his faults, or none or few could view.
So Ladie, I finding my wit too weake,
With currant tearmes your beautie foorth to blaze,
And that to arriue too blunt is my conceit
Vnto the height of your ſurmounting praiſe:
With ſilence forced am (againſt my will)
To ſhadow my defect, (the want of skill).
Yet doo I hope, the shadow you'l not ſcorne,
Since Princes in their ſtately Arbors greene
Account of ſhade, as trees which frute adorne,
Becauſe from heate they welcome shelters been.
The Shadow shields gainſt Sunne your beautie faire,
VVhich elſe his ſcortching heate would much impaire.
Then though a Shadow without frute I bee,
And ſcarce yeeld leaues to couer shis my barke:
Accept theſe leaues thy Beauties Shade of mee,
VVhere wealth doth ebbe, good will doth flow from Hart:
Deigne me for all my loue but Shadow thine,
Thy Subſtance's too too high for Fortune mine.

R. T.

A Frends iuſt excuſe about the Booke and Author, in his abſence.

WIthout the Authors knowledge, as is before ſaid by the Printer, this Poeme is made thus publiquely knowen: which (with my beſt indeuour) the Gentleman himſelfe (ſuſpecting what is now prooued too true) at my cõming vp, earneſtly intreated me to preuent. But I came at the laſt ſheetes printing, and finde more than thirtie Sonnets not his, intermixt with his: helpt it cãnot be but by the wel iudging Reader, who will with leſſe paine diſtinguiſh betweene them, than I on this ſodaine poſsibly can. To him then I referre that labour. and for the Printers faults paſt in ſome of the Bookes, I haue gathered them in the next page. With the Author beare I pray ye whom I muſt intreat to beare with mee.

R. B.